

REPORT CORRECT.—The report that Gov. Walker had marched to Lawrence at the head of a company of troops, proves correct. As usual, parties differ as to the necessity or propriety of the move. The Pro-Slavery men affirm that the Legislature had granted a city charter to Lawrence, but that the people had never organized under it; but that they have organized an independent government of their own, under the Topeka Constitution, with the intention of collecting taxes, and resisting the legal authorities of the Territory; and that they have also sent a proclamation throughout the Territory, calling upon the people to do the same.

On the other hand, the Free State party contend that they had no city government in Lawrence; that the streets were in a filthy condition, and that the only object of their organization was to clean the streets, the expenses to be defrayed by voluntary contribution. We learn that Walker marched, at the head of 700 Dragoons, to the vicinity of Lawrence, when he sent word into the city, requesting some of the leaders in the city movement, to send out messengers to confer with him. They returned an answer, that they had committed no offense, and had nothing to consult about; that Walker was welcome to remain there as long as he pleased, and he should not be molested. We are also told that sham proclamations were circulated throughout the city, purporting that of the Governor. It accused the people of Lawrence of violating the laws of the country—charging, among other things, that the people of that city had taken water from the Kansas River, to water the streets—that the Kansas River is a navigable stream; and that it is a violation of the laws of the country, to take the water out of a navigable stream. Kansas affairs so vary from the sublime to the ridiculous, that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether they will end in comedy or tragedy.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS.—The Democrats of this Territory, have nominated Ex-Governor E. Ransom, of Michigan, as their candidate for Delegate to Congress. It was at least a wise act in them, to select a man who has not been identified with Kansas outrages, in preference to such men as Stringfellow, Atchison, and persons of that stripe; although, we presume that Gov. R. stands upon the same platform that would have been occupied by Stringfellow, or any other nominee of the party.

The Free State Convention have nominated Marcus J. Parrott as their candidate for Delegate. The Convention endorsed Topeka all through; and all their Resolves and moves were in accordance with the Topeka Constitution. Mr. P. is one of those who have been made great men in Kansas—having been a prominent actor in past affairs here, and a member of the Convention that formed the Topeka Constitution. He was formerly a lawyer in Dayton, Ohio, and served a term in the Ohio Legislature, as a Representative from Montgomery County. His greatest acts in Ohio, as far as we are aware, were barking at Gen. Scott, in 1852, and voting with his party, in the Legislature. No person then dreamed that he was destined for a Congressman—but at that time, Kansas was not in the market. We think there is but little doubt of Mr. Parrott's election, provided the Free State men vote, and vote at the right time.

FORTUNATE COUNTY.—Our neighboring County of Brown is truly fortunate, as far as a County seat is concerned. There is no doubt that she will have one—and her citizens can rest easy on that score. There are at present no less than six towns aspiring to this honor, and all of them are bound to be the chosen place. We know this, for we have been told so. Each town possesses advantages over its rivals, and, of course, must be the County Seat. There are Clayville, Padonia, Hiawatha, Lane City, Hamilton, and Deamolia. Within a month's time, there will no doubt be as many more towns contending for the honor. Fortunate Brown County!

NEKAMA VALLEY BANK.—By an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that this institution, located at Brownville, Nebraska, is now conducted under new auspices, and prepared to accommodate the public in every way that other Banks do. This bank, from some cause or other, had gotten to be in bad repute, and its bills were worthless. But we are now happy to say, upon good evidence, that arrangements have been made with other banks, by which its bills are received at their counters at par, and that the institution is in as good standing as any other Western Bank. Its notes are redeemed at its counter, and its managers are in every way responsible men.

The Leavenworth Herald notices a publication upon Grinnell's Expedition in search of Dr. Franklin. Where has the Doctor been going to again? Grinnell, the philanthropic man, ought now to set out on an expedition in search of Gen. Jackson!

KANSAS TOWNS.—The town mania in Kansas is really becoming a nuisance. There is no doubt that, when the Territory is settled up, she will be capable of maintaining a large number of towns; but at present, the thing is being run into the ground. We know of localities, where towns are laid off, chock up against each other, for several miles in extent. High sounding names are given to these places, plots are drawn up, share certificates printed, and the proprietors or their agents start on a tour to the States, to dispose of them, and generally make it pay well. In some cases, shares are sold in several different towns, and the same plots exhibited for all of them, to show the location and plan of the town. Especially are speculations made off of people in the East. Any amount of towns may be found in the Territory, bearing flash names, such as Sumner, Beecher, Wilson, and politicians of that school. The names take, and shares go off in the East, "like hot-cakes." And it is sickening to see the number of towns whose names terminate in *City, alia ana, and opolis*—as Lane City, Centropolis, Deanolis, Lodianis, et cetera. Most of the towns have no houses in them, and many of them never will have.

A couple of young men recently went into Brown County, and took Government claims, adjoining a town site, built their cabins, and left for a few days. When they returned, they found towns laid off on their land; and probably, ere this, all the shares have been disposed of, in the East. Persons wishing to invest in Western towns, had better be cautious, and not purchase stock, unless they know something of the towns in which they invest, or of the persons of whom they purchase. The best plan is for them to go and see, before investing. They will make a better speculation, by purchasing shares in towns of reputation, at a thousand dollars per share, than in towns without any existence, at twenty-five dollars per share.

PORTRAIT OF WHITE CLOUD.—We have recently received a letter from William Walker, of Wyandotte City, in this Territory, who informs us that he has in his possession a portrait of the celebrated Chief White Cloud, or Ma-hush-kah. As far as he can ascertain, it is the only one extant, and he offers it to the White Cloud City Company. He proposes to send it to our care. We have replied to his note, and the portrait will probably be here in a short time. But the letter speaks for itself:—

WYANDOTTE CITY, K. T.,
July 21st, 1857.
To the Editor of the Kansas Chief:
Sir:—As I am not personally acquainted with any of the proprietors of the city of White Cloud, I ask of you the favor of informing those gentlemen that, in my collection of paintings of distinguished Indian Chiefs, I have one of WHITE CLOUD, or Ma-hush-kah, taken by Mr. James O. Lewis, in the summer of 1856.

I beg of you the favor of informing those gentlemen that inasmuch as they have honored that distinguished Chief, by bestowing his name upon their town, (and may it ever flourish,) I ask of them the acceptance of his likeness—they ought to have it. It is the only true portrait extant. I examined the collection in the Smithsonian Institute, last summer, but Ma-hush-kah was not there.

Whenever a safe opportunity presents itself, I will send it to your care.
Respectfully yours,
WM. WALKER.

BOY DROWNED.—We learn from a passenger on the steamer Admiral, that a boy belonging to the boat, was drowned, on last Friday afternoon, a short distance below Savannah Landing. The boat stuck fast on a sand-bar at that place, where she lay for nearly a whole day. She was backed off, and then a lunge made, that the force might carry her over the bar; when the boy, who was a deck sweeper, being engaged at his occupation, was thrown off his balance, and fell overboard, near by the wheel. He arose to the surface of the water six times, the latter time remaining above water, and struggling to swim, for a minute or more; but the wheel being in motion, the waves created by it, struck him, and caused him to sink. But few persons saw him fall; and by the time the alarm was given, and a boat lowered, he had disappeared, and could not be recovered. The boy was about fifteen years of age, and belonged at St. Louis. We understand that this fatal trip was his first one.

Bro. Miller, you made one great mistake. If you had said White Cloud is not, at present, as large as St. Jo, and never will be as large as Elwood is now, you would come near the truth, but we are satisfied either way.

How do the frogs in the swamp, opposite White Cloud, prosper, this hot weather?—*Elwood Advertiser.*

We have nothing to do with the opposite side of the river. We live in Kansas, and allow the Missouri people to watch their own swamps. But we are afraid you are not well enough acquainted with water, to appreciate a good pond. By the way, these fellows who live on sand-banks are tremendously exercised at the sight of a little water. Have a care, Fairman, for in all probability, the next rise of the Missouri will take Elwood to the "other side of Jordan!"

The people of Nebraska are certainly in no want of candidates for Delegate to Congress. We believe every paper in the Territory is Democratic, and each paper has its separate candidate for Congress—each confident that its favorite will be successful.

ANOTHER BLOW AT WHITE CLOUD.—White Cloud has lately received a blow which must set her considerably back in the scale of progress. A town has recently been started, on a sand-bank, under a bluff, about half a mile from the Missouri, which has already become a seaport of great importance—in the eyes of the proprietors, who have made all they are worth in another town, and are now bent upon killing said other town. In fact, Oregon may be said to be already "dead in the shell;" for, the first week after business was commenced in said inland seaport, the business of Oregon decreased, at the lowest estimate, ten cents!

This seaport has recently been making an important accession to her population, in the person of a drunken deck hand, who was put off of a steamboat, in a collapsed state of worthlessness. In fact, the seaport aspires, with flattering prospects of success, to become the principal landing point for drunkards, for the country watered by the Nodaway and Tarkeo. This unlooked for prosperity of the seaport, has set the proprietors "upon their pins," (who says they are envious, jealous, or snappish about other points?) and they have now determined that the scalp of White Cloud shall grace their wigwag, alongside that of Oregon. They have taken an effectual step towards the accomplishment of this laudable purpose. They have heretofore permitted a poor man to burn lime upon their town site—the seaport is a splendid place for lime, sand, and other plastering ingredients; and when the river rises, the mortar is mixed to order—which lime the poor man sold to whomsoever paid for it. But the proprietors of the seaport have unanimously given the poor man orders, that whenever he sells any lime to the people of White Cloud, he may consider himself authorized to vacate their premises! Of course, as there is lime nowhere else, White Cloud must stop growing! Why, it is said that the only reason that the Missouri River is daily leaving the seaport farther inland, is because the proprietors will not permit her to run by their seaport, because she also runs by White Cloud!

P. S. Misfortunes come not singly. White Cloud has stopped growing! The magnanimous people of another large city, have refused to sell a citizen of this place enough brick to finish a chimney! White Cloud is dead! She may be likened unto an elephant crushed to death by the combined efforts of a pismire and a tumble-bug!

To speak in earnest, when will men learn that they can never break down their neighbors by little acts of petty spite and meanness? If people want to settle at White Cloud, they will not be kept away by the refusal of insignificant souls to sell them a few bricks or bushels of lime. If men, instead of trying to improve their own places, will spend their time and energies in jealous watching, and little acts of spite work against, their more prosperous neighbors, they may learn, too late, that the object of their hatred is growing fat upon the nourishment which they, in the blindness of their wrath, neglected to appropriate to themselves.

CANDIDATES DEFINED.—As the candidates for Delegate to Congress will no doubt define their positions, it is no more than fair that they should themselves be defined. Webster seems to have had a prophetic idea of Kansas, when he compiled his Dictionary. Let us try:

RANSOM. n. [Fr. rancon; G. ranzion; Norm. rancon; Fr. rancon.] 1. The money or price paid for the redemption of a prisoner or slave, or for goods captured by an enemy. 2. Release from captivity, bondage, or the possession of an enemy. 3. In law, a sum paid for the pardon of some great offense, and the discharge of the offender; or a fine paid in lieu of corporal punishment. 4. In Scripture, the price paid for a forfeited life, or for delivery or release from capital punishment. 5. The price paid for procuring the pardon of sins, and the redemption of the sinner from punishment.—*Webster.*

PARROT. n. [Fr. perroquet.] 1. The name of fowls of the genus *psittacus*, of numerous species. Remarkable for the faculty of making indistinct articulations of words in imitation of the human voice. 2. A fish found among the Bahama isles.—*Webster.*

PARROT, a party-coloured bird.—*Walker.*

The following paragraph, from the New York Tribune, is what we alluded to last week, in our article upon Topeka Constitution. It was not written by the editor of that paper, but was contained in a recent letter of its special Topeka correspondent, and is no doubt endorsed by the Tribune:

"Mark my words! nothing but a sufficient force of the United States army will be able to keep the Constitutional Convention in Kansas. The people have determined that if it assembles at all, it shall assemble in Missouri, where it belongs."

SALE OF LOTS AT CHARLESTOWN.—By an advertisement in the present number of our paper, it will be seen that a Sale of Lots will come off at Charlestown, in this County, upon a day specified. Charlestown is a place that it will do to invest in. Situated in the best-timbered and watered portion of Kansas, possessing a good landing, and commanding the trade of a large scope of country, it is bound to make a place of some importance.

ARCHBISHOP ON KANSAS AFFAIRS.—Gen. Aitchison, the leader of the South in Kansas, advises his friends in South Carolina to raise no more money for Kansas emigration, as the North can and will raise ten dollars for the South's one. In a contest such as this those who have the most means and the most men will be sure to win. Common sense ought to have taught Gen. Aitchison that beforehand.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Improvements are still rapidly going on in our place. New buildings are constantly going up, and piles of stone, timber and lumber may be seen in every direction, ready to be transformed into houses. Several brick kilns are now under way; and a number of fine brick buildings will go up this season. Loads of pine lumber are landed from the boats nearly every day, and everything is in as flourishing a condition as the most sanguine can desire.

The Missouri election comes off on Monday next. The contest is waxing exceeding hot, and the prospect is, that there will be a close run. Col. Benton, and most of the prominent men of the Benton party, have declared in favor of Maj. Rollins, the American candidate for Governor; and should the rank and file of the party go the same way, Col. Stewart, the Democratic candidate, will undoubtedly be beaten.

THE LEAVENWORTH HERALD THINKS we were hoaxed, in regard to Governor Walker's resignation. Not very badly, we guess, as we stated, at the time, that we did not credit the rumor.

See Notice of Estrays taken up.

TOWN MAKING.—A gentleman recently returned from the West relates that, in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road but some twelve or fifteen miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as high sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary wood-chopper, emerging from the forest, he accosted him and inquired how far it was to Vienna. "Vienna," exclaimed the man, "why you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna!" The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night. "Why you are right on that place now," returned the man; "it begins just on the other side of the ravine, and runs down to a clump of griddled trees which you will see about a mile farther on the road."

"Are there no houses built?" faltered out the traveller. "Oh, no houses whatsoever," returned the woodman, "they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it, the town lots were disposed of in the Eastern States; and every thing has been left, just as you now see it, ever since."—*Boston Traveller.*

A PROMISING THEOLOGIAN.—A young man, a student in the Theological Seminary, in Fairfax, Virginia, shot and killed with a revolver another young man on Sunday last in a fracas at a Sunday School. When theological students go armed with revolvers, it is not surprising that all rowdies should wear them. Among a people so resentful, quick, and ready to shed blood for an affront, as Americans usually are, arising chiefly from laxity of domestic training and discipline, and the absence of all restraint over the young, who are left day and night to the sole guidance of their appetites and passions, and to the contaminating influences of street companionship and depraved street education, it ought to be made a punishable offence to wear deadly weapons. Such a prohibition strictly enforced would save many a life and an infinite amount of remorse and misery. Such a law, if we remember rightly, was enacted in Alabama several years ago; and such a law, we understand, is found in the statute-books of Virginia, but unheeded, even if known to the magistrates. The young Fairfax homicide fled, and was caught and committed to Alexandria prison for trial.—*National Intelligencer.*

VALUE OF THE SLAVES OF THE SOUTH.—The New Orleans Delta estimates the number of slaves at the South at over three and a half millions, and their aggregate value, at present prices, at fully sixteen hundred millions of dollars. The cotton plantations in the South it estimates at about eighty thousand, and the aggregate value of their annual product, at the present prices of cotton, is fully one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. There are over fifteen thousand plantations, and their annual products may be valued at fourteen millions of dollars. There are two thousand six hundred sugar plantations, the products of which average annually more than twelve millions. There are five hundred and fifty-one rice plantations, which yield an annual revenue of four millions of dollars.

ADACIOUS.—The latest case of adacius is reported in a New York paper. A lady went into a store to purchase a shawl. Just as she was handing the clerk two fifty dollar bills, she received a blow on the face from a well dressed person, who exclaimed, "I forbade you buying a shawl," and snatching the money from her hand, he evaporated. The lady fainted, and on recovering the merchant expressed surprise that her husband should have acted so ungentlemanly, but his surprise was greatly increased when the lady informed him that it was not her husband, and that she had never seen him before. The bold thief, however, had made good his escape.

THE ENQUIRER OF THIS MORNING learns that a quarrel took place recently between Mason, the Democratic, and Cox, the American candidate for Congress. Cox was shot by Mason, and killed. Cox was the late member of Congress from the 9th district of Kentucky. Mason has also represented the same district.

A PERMANENT BUSINESS.—One of the witnesses in the Cunningham trial, who was called to testify relative to the appearance of the wounds on the body of the murdered man, has attended fifteen hundred post mortem examinations within five years, about one a day.

"MARCH SQUALLS."—Under the head of "March Squalls," an exchange tells us that a woman in Palaski County, Va., has regularly presented her husband with an heir, during the month of March, for sixteen successive years.

Mr. Eddy writes to the Land Office that he has sold all of the Iowa Indian trust lands, for which he has received, in all, money amounting to about \$380,000.

Punch says the Mormons are a set of brutes, little superior to the baboon, and they may be ranked under the denomination of Orang-Outangs.

The Book Mr. Marcy was Reading when he Died.

An Albany correspondent of the New York Post writes a very interesting letter to that paper in reference to the deceased statesman.

"When he stopped," remarks this correspondent, "at the antique, shaded hotel at Ballston, where he died, it was noticed how he would take his chair out under the wide spreading elms and entertain his landlord, and the plain, old-fashioned people who gathered about him, delighted with the pleasant stories which he told and the philosophic humor, and shrewdness, and social feeling which twinkled in his keen, bright eye. At other times he would return to his room, as his custom was, and taking up some favorite old author, (he rarely read modern literature,) Milton, Shakespeare, Hervey, among the poets, South, Barrow, or Robert Hall, among divines; his French edition of Moliere, (a favorite work, by the way, with Senator Seward,) or Bacon, among philosophic writing, and would read until he fell asleep. And this, indeed, was the way in which he fell asleep on the noon of Independence Day. He had retired to his chamber, put his boots in the usual corner, put on his dressing gown, and then laid down with Knight's edition of Bacon's Essays—a small red quarto volume, with illustrations. When he was found, he was still on his bed; his eyes were quietly closed; on one side were the spectacles, on the other the well remembered snuff-box, and open on his breast lay the book he so much loved—that immortal epitome of human wisdom—the Essays of Bacon, and over it were clasped his hands, hugging it to his heart. Such was his final sleep—peaceful, serene, and worthy of so great a life—in the midst of the thunders which commemorated the birth-day of the nation whose fame and power he had done so much to uphold and extend."

What page it was on which the volume was opened I know not. Perhaps it was on that most appropriate passage where the great philosopher thus discourses "of death."

"A mind fixed and bent on somewhat that is good, do avert the dolors of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest cant is 'nunc dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."

DON'T GIVE THE NEW CENT TO THE BABY.—A fine little girl, the daughter of James Cragier, of the Seventh Ward, swallowed one of the new cents on Monday, to the great dismay of the parents. Suitable remedies facilitated the passage of the dirty coin, which saw daylight just fourteen hours afterward. The same physician who put this eagle through a child now under his care in Williamsburg, who swallowed one of the new cents about a week since. All emetics and purgatives have thus far proved useless. The patient suffers immensely from giddiness and nervous irritability. The new cent is a bad plaything for children.—*N. Y. Times.*

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.—The now very aged but yet scarcely venerable Van Buren was at Mr. Marcy's funeral, with his old bright, healthy look, and smiling as ever—not solemly even in the presence of death, for solemnity seems impossible for his ever happy face. He does not show over sixty, and his hair is no whiter than it has been for twenty-five years. He walked in vigor from the capitol, after the ceremonies were over, to take cars at the river for his home in Kinderhook. To-day he looks younger even than ex-President Pierce, with whom, side by side, he entered the Assembly chamber.—*N. Y. Express.*

ORANGE PEEL.—The special attention of parents and others is called to the following facts:—

"The New York Journal of Commerce learns that a little son of Robert Oliver of that city, about five years of age, is now lying in a very critical condition from the effects of eating orange peel. Parents cannot be too cautious in keeping orange peel from their children, as it contains an active poisonous oil, which in many instances has caused the death of persons who ignorantly made use of them. Life is jeopardized every time the rind is taken into the stomach."

SAVED BY A CAT.—Rome, it is said, was saved by the cackling of a goose. So a few nights since a family in Charleston was saved from death by fire through the "pitious cries of a domestic cat," by which they were awakened from deep sleep at the dead of night. The fire was the work of an incendiary, and designed, it is believed, to destroy the whole family, who, as it was, barely escaped with their lives.

PERSONAL.—Commissioner Denver, of the Land Office, received a letter the other day which he could not read; so he sent back the following pithy note:—"I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter supposed to be signed by you; and, after reading a portion, guessing at a portion, and passing by the remainder as unintelligible, have referred it to the Secretary of the Interior."

CINCINNATI, July 11.

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From Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, K. T., July 17.

The people here received Gov. Walker's proclamation with derision.

The city government has not as yet passed any acts or done any business, and no collision need be feared unless Walker brings it on.

The State Convention finished its session at Topeka yesterday. Marcus J. Parrott was nominated as Representative in Congress.

The Convention was the largest delegate Convention ever assembled in Kansas, and the utmost unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed. The Topeka Constitution and State government were unanimously sustained. The Constitution is to be re-submitted to the people at the August election.

A set of strong resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The census returns show from 20,000 to 30,000 voters in the Territory.

Gen. Lane has been instructed to thoroughly organize the Free-State men throughout the Territory, in order to protect the ballot boxes at the coming election.

WAGON ROAD OVER THE WESTERN PLAINS.—From a private letter received by a gentleman of this city, dated Independence, Missouri, on the 1st of July, we learn that a portion of the Wagon Road Expedition under William M. F. Magraw had taken up the line of march, and that the remainder would follow immediately. Thirty wagons and the larger portion of the force of one hundred and twenty men were upon the plains. The equipments of this expedition are complete, and much is expected from the well organized corps of Messrs. Magraw, Annan, and Lander, the superintendent, disbursing agent, and engineer of the expedition. This route has been designed by the Department of the Interior as the Fort Kearny, South Pass, and Honey Lake Pacific Wagon Road. Arrangements were made by the superintendent to have all communications for any of the party forwarded to him from Independence, and letters should be directed to his care at Independence to insure their reaching the party at any point on the line.—*National Intelligencer.*

BAYARD TAYLOR'S SAXON BRIDE.—Bayard Taylor, who, since his return from Lapland, has been sojourning in the town of Gotha—the capital of Saxony—Gotha—left here on the 9th ult., in company with his two sisters and a younger brother, for England, where the latter were to embark for the United States. From England, Taylor and his fellow traveller, Braisted, intended to set out for a summer tour in Norway, whence they would return in the autumn to Gotha, and after wintering there, proceed to Moscow, Southern Russia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea. From this tour the travellers will again return to Gotha, to which place Bayard Taylor is now attracted by an attachment stronger than the ties of friendship which have hitherto drawn him thither. He is, in fact, betrothed to a daughter of the astronomer Hanssen. Nothing is said about the personal appearance of Taylor's intended bride; but as she is a native of Saxony, a country proverbial for its fair women, we may presume she is beautiful.

DEATH OF WM. OGDEN NILES.—We regret to have to record the death of this well known citizen—well known not only in Baltimore, but throughout the entire country. He died in Philadelphia last evening after a brief illness. Wm. OGDEN NILES was a son of the late Ezekiah Niles, the founder of the celebrated Register which bore his name, the deceased having succeeded his father in the publication of that national work, which he edited with marked ability. He was appointed to a position in the Pension office on the incoming of Gen. Harrison's administration, the duties of which he discharged in an acceptable manner up to the time of his death. When that event occurred he was in Philadelphia on business connected with the general government. The intelligence of his sudden demise will be received with regret by a large circle of friends.

ANOTHER SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It has heretofore been noticed as a most remarkable event, that three of our most distinguished statesmen died on the 4th of July, the Anniversary of our National Independence. They had all, too, been Presidents of the United States, viz: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe. To this illustrious galaxy is now to be added the name of William L. Marcy, who breathed his last about noon on the late Fourth of July. The Albany Argus, in noticing the event, says:

"He died amid the ennobling emotions which the Anniversary of Independence may be supposed to inspire in the heart of a patriot. His end was calm and serene. It was literally that of one

"And falls down to pleasant dreams."

INTERESTING RELIC.—The Indianapolis Journal says:—"One of the most interesting relics of the age may be found for a few days at the jewelry store of T. Rumbach, of this city. It is no less than the sword and scabbard worn by the illustrious and immortal 'Joe Davies' of Kentucky, at the battle of Tippecanoe. On one side is inscribed 'Liberty and Independence,' on the other 'E Pluribus Unum, 1783.' At the period of his death, Joe Davies was the Grand Master of Masons in Kentucky. This relic is the property of Judge Todd of this county, the pupil and friend of Joe Davies, by whom we understand it will be presented to the Grand Lodge of Indiana, at the next annual session."

The London Times thinks that our government was "perhaps wise in giving the Mormons rope." The Louisville Journal wittily adds—"It was certainly foolish in not keeping hold of one end of it."

The Herald of Freedom, of the 27th ult., estimates the influx of population to Kansas the present season at \$0,000, and is of the opinion that, before winter sets in, 100,000 will have been added to the permanent population of the Territory.

The Louisville Journal "almost hopes" that the next Legislature will change the name of James B. Clay to Tyler, or Pierce, or Kendall, or Blair, either with or without his consent.

The Utah Expedition.

We alluded yesterday to the extraordinary exertions which had been made by various departments of the Military arm of the government in this city, to get under way, at the earliest possible period, the expedition to the Territory of Utah. The expedition having been determined upon, it was the province of the government to show how quickly one-fourth of the army could be concentrated at one point, and the munitions and all the supplies for such an expedition be collected, and ready to take the field as soon as orders should be given. It is not over a month or six weeks since it was resolved by the government that such an expedition was necessary—that it was the bounden duty of the authorities to see that the laws of the United States were executed in Utah as well as everywhere else, and that such an example would be eminently salutary in the case of Utah. In a little while—not exceeding ten days we should think—the whole army will be in the field, and then the attention of the country will be turned to its progress. We have our doubts, not new for the first time expressed, whether such an army, so encumbered with baggage and military supplies, can reach Utah before the winter sets in, but if not they can readily find quarters at Fort Laramie, and thence make an early march to the Great Salt Lake City in the spring.

We have spoken of the arduous duties performed by the officers of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments in fitting out this expedition. They have done wonders. Since the fifth of May and up to the third of July we learn that the number of troops forwarded by them to the West is 1,600; that the number of horses purchased amounts to 302; number of mules 234; number of wagons, with harness for six mule teams, 325; total number of tons of Quartermaster's and Commissary stores, purchased and shipped, 5,750; number of bushels of oats, 150,000; bushels of corn, 70,000; steamers engaged, 45; and number of teamsters employed, 200. We further learn that the value of the Quartermaster's stores is \$700,000, and that of the Commissary's stores, \$927,000. We do not know that this includes the value of the horses, mules, etc., purchased elsewhere than in St. Louis; and we are quite sure that it does not embrace the material of war furnished by the St. Louis Arsenal, and in the preparation of which, an average of one hundred men have been for some time employed. When the whole account comes to be footed up, it will be found that this expedition has been the means of disbursing some twelve or fifteen hundred thousand dollars in Missouri, to say nothing of transportation across the Plains, the supply of beef cattle, etc., contracts for which have already been made. Such a depletion of the Treasury, for supplies to be found at our doors cannot help exciting a beneficial influence upon the pecuniary affairs of this State. It offers evidence, also, if evidence were wanting, of our ability to fit out an army in shorter time than any other city in the Union.—*St. Louis Republican.*

MR. BUCHANAN ON POLYGAMY.—Major Jack Downing thus relates a conversation he had with Mr. Buchanan on Utah:—Old Buck is a good deal riled with Brigham Young, who, with his hundred wives, have created a rebellion—when the old Buck hasn't one that he can call his own. If one woman created a rebellion in the Garden of Eden when she had a man and ought to be banished, it isn't wonderful that one hundred should do the like in Utah, having only one man among 'em all! Says I, Bucky, did you ever see Union and harmony where there was a hundred wives and but one man—it's again all nature to expect it—and the only way to bring matters to a good starting point, is to see each woman has her man. Yes, but said Old Buck, then every man would be obliged to have women. Yes, sartin, sez I. Well then, sez he, they'd blame me for the hell of this trouble and say I'd got 'em a bad example. That's so, sez I, and since you drive so many women to take up with one man, as they are, or else make the hell thing up by reforming and setting every old bachelor a good example, by taking one of these deluded women for your sheer, to once.

THE GRAVE OF HENRY CLAY.—The editor of the Fort Wayne Times has been on a journey through Kentucky, and went to pay his devotions to the grave of Henry Clay. In the Cemetery not far from Lexington he searched for it first among those covered with entablatured slabs, obelisks, pyramids, and imposing monuments, but the name was found on none of these; he sought it among less imposing tablets, but found it not. A lad at last led him to the spot, where a little mound, marked only by the path worn by the foot-prints of devoted countrymen, told that the Great Commoner still lived in the hearts of the people. Near by was the monument affectionately inscribed by Mr. Clay to his mother. On an adjoining eminence, which is a beautiful site—with an imposing area of half an acre, circular in form—the people of Kentucky are to erect a monument of Kentucky marble, of beautiful design, which is to rise 120 feet in height, under which the remains of the noble son of our corner State are to be deposited. The corner stone will be laid on the 4th of July next, with imposing ceremonies.

Edgar Snowden, Esq., editor of the Alexandria Gazette, who has been recently defeated as a candidate for Congress in the district including that city, thus pleasantly returns to his editorial labors:—"To emerge from a political contest, beaten, and indeed thoroughly beaten, happens to many men; but for a plain citizen to 'rise refulgent from the stroke of the triumphant Democracy' dubbed with a title, and that too a military title, is the lot certainly of but few civilians. Hence it is that if any man went into the last canvass for Congress as simply Mister, and came out by the courtesy of the press as Colonel, he ought to make his best bow, and be thankful for the favor."

AN OLD CHAIR.—Captain Putnam, of York, Me., has a chair of oak, quaintly carved, much worn, which he brought from Venice. It is six hundred years old, formerly belonged to one of the Doges, and has stood on the Bridge of Sighs.—*Portland Transcript.*